You haue no children diuels, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue ſtopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitors you haue done this ſweet young Prince.

Edw. Away, and beare her hence.

Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, diſpatch
Me heere, heere ſheathe thy ſword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Cla. By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Queene. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.

Cla. Didſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?

Queen. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.

Edw. Away I ſay, and take her hence perforce.

Qu. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit.*

Edw. Clarence, whether is Gloſter gone?

Cla. Marry my Lord to London, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.

Edw. He is ſudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common ſoldiors with pay
and thanks, and now lets toward London,
To ſee our gentle Queene how ſhe doth fare,
For by this I hope ſhe hath a ſonne for vs. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gloſter to King Henry in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke ſo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloſter, and good Diuell, were alike,
What ſcene of death hath *Roſius* now to acte?

Glo. Suſpition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

Hen.

Hen. The bird once limde
And I the hapleſſe maile to
Haue now the fatall obiect
Where my poore young w

Glo. Why, what a foole
That taught his ſonne the o
And yet for all that the poo

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore
Thy father *Minos* that deni
Thy brother *Edward*, the ſu
And thou the enuieſt gulfe
Oh better can my breaſt ab
Then can mine eares that tr

Glo. Why doſt thou thin

Hen. A perſecutor I am
And if murdering innocent
Then I know thou art an ex

Glo. Thy ſonne I kild for

Hen. Hadſt thou bin kild
Thou hadſt not liude to kil
And thus I propheſie of the
That many a widow for her
And many an infants water
Widowes for their husband
Shall curſe the time that eu
The Owle ſhrikt at thy birt
The night Crow cride abo
Dogs howld, and hideous t
The Rauen rookt her on the
And chattering Pies in diſm
Thy mother felt more then
And yet brought forth leſſe
To wit: an vndigeſt create
Not like the fruite of ſuch
Teeth hadſt thou in thy hea
To ſignifie thou cam'ſt to b
And if the reſt be true that

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